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by sunflowerb

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Summary: They're the first generation to come of age under peace with dragons. The road is bound to be a bit bumpy. Oneshots, vignettes and drabbles chronicling life on Berk. Angst, fluff, funny, and smut.

Hearty helpings of hiccstrid. Prompts welcome.

1. Insult to Injury

A/N: Collection of oneshots chronicling life in Berk. No real continuity, though some oneshots will connect to others. Timeframe is around HTTYD2, both before and after the events of the movie. Hearty helpings of hiccstrid.

Rated for language and bow-chicka-wow-wow. (Both referenced and actual content. They're grown-ups now.) Angst and fluff and funny.

Prompts are welcome. You can send them to me here or on tumblr. My tumblr url is [thatsnicebutimmarried](#).

Notes for this chapter: This was originally two separate oneshots that I decided worked best together, and actually the second half of this was written first. Bit of smuttyness ahoy.

xxx

He's not sure how he gets himself into these messes.

Well, he is. It's because the gods have seen fit to punish him for the fifteen years he spent making Hiccup's life miserable by granting the other boy the height and status that should always have been his.

Snotlout's not bitter. Not really. Most of the time. He and Hiccup are hardly friends but they get along well enough. It's just frustrating sometimes, now that Hiccup is actually good at things.

Snotlout used to be top Viking, and then Hiccup had to go and redefine what being a Viking meant. Scrawny, stupid Hiccup got the girl and Hiccup got the glory, so now Snotlout gets to stand in _Hiccup's _shadow. Literally, now that Hiccup has nearly half a foot on him.

So really, who can blame him if he occasionally lets the long-suppressed jealousy get the better of him?

They're in the stables, washing the paint off of their dragons after Hiccup's latest racing victory. Hiccup's readjusting Toothless's tailfin on his freshly-cleaned tail when a thought comes to Snotlout. "Hey how come that tail isn't considered cheating?"

Hiccup looks up, confusion tainting his smile. "What?"

Snotlout crosses his arms. "Yeah, you know the rule about extraneous equipment. How come Toothless's fancy tailfin and your leg don't break that rule?"

Hiccup frowns. "Beeeause they aren't extraneous?" he drones, standing and moving to wash the paint from his dragon's face.

"Isn't there something in the rules about supplementary flying gear? You've supplemented your dragon with a fancy tail so you've got better control over him than we have of our dragons! How is that not cheating?" Hiccup turns away from Toothless and narrows his eyes, his earlier confusion giving way to irritation. "I mean, the rest of us just have to steer our dragons and give them commands and hope they obey. You just flick your fancy metal foot and Toothless does exactly what you want him to! You've got an advantage over the rest of us!"

Snotlout becomes suddenly aware that everyone else has stopped scrubbing their dragons to stare at him. Hiccup's voice is low and carefully controlled when he answers, "So you're saying that my dragon and I are at an _advantage _because we're _crippled_?"

"Yeah, Snotlout," Fishlegs chimes in. "Without that fin Toothless can't fly."

"And without his leg, Hiccup can't walk," Astrid adds, giving Snotlout a suspicious look.

Snotlout is undeterred. "They still give him an advantage, don't they? None of us have metal parts to help us fly."

"You do know that the metal parts are only there because the real ones _aren't_, right?" Hiccup snaps, lifting his metal leg off the floor and giving it a shake.

"You've still got more control over your dragon than the rest of us do!"

Hiccup balls his hands into fists and steps closer, and Snotlout longs for the days when he towered over Hiccup the way Hiccup towers over him now. "Because I have to constantly anticipate his next move and adjust the tailfin accordingly! You just point Hookfang's head in a direction and he flies! Toothless and I have to be constantly aware of what the other one is doing to even stay in the air!"

"Then how are you and your 'crippled' dragon winning all these races if your metal add-ons aren't giving you some kind of advantage?"

"Well, Snotlout, how about I take my 'advantageous' metal leg and shove it up your-"

"GUYS!" Snotlout takes a step backwards as Astrid pushes between them. "Would you two cut it out!" Snotlout and his cousin continue to glare at each other over Astrid's shoulder. "Snotlout!" He looks down at her, still sneering. "You _know_ Hiccup and Toothless's protesthetics don't give them any kind of advantage. They're already at a _disadvantage_; Toothless's fin and Hiccup's leg are all that allow them to even compete, or even go about their daily lives on the same level we do. So stop being such a sore loser and leave them alone!"

"Exactly!" Hiccup hisses, before Astrid is rounding on him.

"And you!" Hiccup blinks. "Since when do you let _this_ idiot get to you like this, huh?"

"Hey, why am I getting yelled at? _He's_ the one that-"

"Decided he wasn't happy with kissing your ass like everyone else?"

"SHUT UP!" Astrid yells again, pushing both boys away from each other. She shoves Snotlout in the direction of Hookfang and starts to drag Hiccup back to Toothless, her boyfriend still protesting.

"He's just still bitter that I finally outgrew him."

Snotlout stops and tosses over his shoulder, "At least I don't need my girlfriend to fight my battles for me."

"At least I have a girlfriend!"

"At least _I_ still have both my legs!"

It's a callous, low blow, and completely uncalled for, but Snotlout is still surprised when Hiccup lunges at him, and it takes the combined efforts of Astrid and both twins to hold him back.

"Snotfaced son of a-"

"Hiccup, leave it!" Astrid finally pushes him back and begins dragging him towards the exit, but Hiccup still turns to give him a final warning.

"Say that to me ever again and it won't be true for much longer!"

"Hiccup!"

"Like you could lift an axe to do it!" Hiccup's halfway out the door and Astrid has to shove him the rest of the way out before she turns to glare at Snotlout.

"Shut it, Snotface, or I'll get my axe and chop your damn leg off myself!" Toothless follows, looking confused, and Snotlout is left with silence and the incredulous glares of Fishlegs and the twins.

"What?"

Ruffnut rolls her eyes and returns to washing paint off of Barf's horn but Tuffnut takes an extra moment to shake his head. "Dude. Not cool. Bringing up the leg? Seriously?" He shakes his head again and starts scrubbing paint off his own face.

Fishlegs is frowning at him too. "Really Snotlout? Even with the prosthetic tailfin Toothless is at a statistical disadvantage next to an uninjured, fully self-sufficient Night Fury, and Hiccup's leg just means that he has to focus harder to maintain the same level of control as the rest of us. Their disabilities mean they are starting with negative stat points in speed and agility, and any additional positive points the prosthetics give them on top of the negative stats they have to make up would be negligible at best."

Snotlout blinks at him. "You wanna tell me what that means in not-nerd language?"

"It means stop being such a baby," Ruffnut tells him, tossing a wet scrub brush at his face. "And stop beating up on the guy with one leg, come on."

And for some reason that is just the icing on the cake. He's honestly over Astrid by now, and he's started to notice lately that for all her callousness Ruffnut really is quite attractive, and having her tell him off like this just rubs him the wrong way. It's just another reminder that when pitted against Hiccup, he's never going to win.

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Astrid must have said something to calm him down, because when he comes to the forge later that day Hiccup treats him as if nothing had happened.

"Gobber's out. What can I help you with?" Hiccup asks casually, wiping the sweat from his brow with one hand and dipping a sword into a barrel of water with the other.

Snotlout doesn't meet his eye. "My hammer's loose again. It keeps sliding up and down on the handle."

"Probably needs new bolts. They were looking kinda rusty last time. Give it here." Snotlout hands over his hammer and pulls at his collar.

"It's stifling in here," he complains.

"Open the window," Hiccup calls over his shoulder, busy taking the hammer apart and inspecting the elements. Snotlout pushes the wide window open and breathes in the cool air. "Yeah, the bolts are about to fall apart. I told you you've gotta take better care of this thing."

Snotlout rolls his eyes. "Yeah, yeah. Can you fix it?"

Hiccup nods. "I'll have to make some new bolts. Won't take that long." Snotlout rests against a counter near the window as Hiccup begins to melt metal over the forge, the temperature rising as he works the bellows. After a moment Hiccup ditches his shirt, and it's not long afterwards that Snotlout notices the crowd of girls gathering outside the window. He watches them giggle and whisper to each other, surreptitiously pointing at Hiccup. Snotlout rolls his eyes. Hiccup may not have been as scrawny as he used to be, but he's still hardly buff enough to warrant the female attention he's currently getting.

"Oh scram, you bunch of vultures!" Well at least he's not the only one annoyed by Hiccup's audience. The girls scatter, still giggling, as Astrid and Ruffnut approach the forge and lean against the open window.

"Ruffnut, Milady," Hiccup nods at the girls in turn, "What can I help you with today?"

Ruffnut waves a hand dismissively. "Oh nothing, we're just here for the view."

"What she said," Astrid says, her eyes raking over Hiccup.

Hiccup smirks and goes back to his work. Snotlout rolls his eyes again.

"Convincing him to get that tattoo was _such_ a good idea," Ruffnut says, and Astrid hums her agreement.

Snotlout thinks his eyes may just roll out of his head. Even he has to admit the Night Fury stretched out in black ink across Hiccup's chest is cool, but he doesn't get why girls seem to think it made him _so much sexier_. He may have a little more muscle tone than he used to, and he's tall, and he's got a cool tattoo to go with his cool dragon, and okay, the missing leg is kind of the coolest battle scar _ever_, but he's still _Hiccup._ Snotlout doesn't understand how he's the only one who still sees that.

"I'm thinking about getting a tattoo too," Snotlout says suddenly, frustrated by the way Ruffnut is unabashedly eyeing Hiccup's abs. (And more importantly, the way her eyes keep straying below his belt. He doesn't get why Astrid puts up with it.) The girls look up at him, eyebrows raised. "Yeah," he continues nonchalantly, "Like a flaming Monstrous Nightmare across like, my whole back. Maybe even have the wings extend down the back of my arms, so like, when I'm shirtless, it'd look like I _am_ my dragon, y'know?" He gives Ruff a dashing smile but she just regards him with a deadpan frown.

"Nah," she says after a moment of thought, "Way too flashy." Astrid nods.

Snotlout looks to Hiccup, who is putting the finished bolts on his hammer, hoping against hope for some backup. Hiccup merely shrugs. "Sounds painful."

Snotlout tries to play it off. "Yeah, well, it's just a thought, you

know, I haven't really decided for sure what to get. Maybe I'll get something more subtle, you know, like the name of my lady over my heart?" He sidles up to Ruffnut and elbows her arm. She gags.

"Ugh. That's so sappy and gross." Snotlout gapes and points at Hiccup.

"Hiccup's got Astrid's name on his chest and you said that was sweet!"

Ruff rolls her eyes. "Yeah, but they're actually together. And you and me? Never gonna happen." She suddenly laughs. "Actually, you totally should get my name tattooed on your chest. Like, in big letters. Because I wanna see the disappointed look on your future wife's face when she has to see my name on your chest all the time."

Astrid laughs. "How awkward would that sex be? Having to stare up at some other girl's name on his chest every time?"

Snotlout's irritation grows as the laughter continues. "Oh, no, like, his future wife won't have to see it. She's totally gonna insist he take her from behind every time so she doesn't have to look at him." They dissolve into giggles and Snotlout balls his hands into fists.

"Your hammer's done." He looks up to see Hiccup holding out his hammer. He takes the weapon and hefts it from hand to hand experimentally.

"Thanks," he says flatly. "How much do I owe you?"

"Sixty."

"Sixty?!" Snotlout's jaw drops. "Last time I got new bolts it was only fifty!"

Hiccup shrugs and smirks at him. "Well, seeing as I'm supposedly at such an advantage over everyone else I figured I should be charging a bit more for my services."

Snotlout growls, then deflates. Bringing up Hiccup's leg wasn't exactly fair and deep down he knows it. He sighs. "Sorry. I shouldn't have said that."

Hiccup gives him a genuine smile. "I know. I'm used to you being an idiot by now." His smile drops. "But it's still sixty. We're at an iron shortage so Gobber's had to raise prices until the traders come with a new shipment next week. Nothing I can do about it."

Snotlout grumbles under his breath about being cheated but still hands over the coins. He leaves with a barely-concealed scowl on his face as he watches the girls continue to give Hiccup's skinny physique appreciative stares.

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In hindsight, he thinks that the whole situation could have been avoided if he hadn't had those last two mugs of mead.

"I'm just saying, babe," Snotlout says with a roguish grin as Hiccup glares and Astrid rolls her eyes, "If you ever want a real Viking, I'm still more than willing to show you what you're missing."

Astrid sighs, exasperated. "And why would I want to do that?" she asks, drawing her legs up onto the bench and leaning back against Hiccup's chest. She looks up at him and smiles as she reaches to tug gently on one of the tiny braids at the nape of his neck. "I've just got him trained how I want him." Hiccup catches her hand and brings it to his lips, kissing her knuckles lightly. Snotlout scowls at the blatant displays of affection.

"Ugh, that's my point, Astrid. Why would you want Hiccup? I mean yeah, so what he trained a dragon; everyone's doing that nowadays! He was just the first one dumb enough to try, and only because he sucked so hard at everything else to do with being a Viking!"

"What, would you rather I didn't end the war with the dragons?" Hiccup asks, giving him the same dry stare he always seems to wear when they talk, as if he's decided the whole conversation is beneath him. "Because if I hadn't, one of us-well, let's face it, Astrid actually-would have slaughtered Hookfang in the arena, and then where would you be?"

Snotlout growls and takes another swig of his mead. "I'm not saying I'm mad you trained the damn dragons, but it's not like you're the only dragon rider anymore so I don't get why you're still so damn special!" He looks around at the group; Tuffnut and Ruffnut have scooted farther away from him and Fishlegs has found something intensely interesting in his mug of tea. Astrid is watching him carefully, her eyes narrowed. Hiccup just looks bored, but then he's got twenty years of Snotlout's abuse under his belt and is more than used to it. "I mean, he's got a fancy dragon, so what, I've got a Monstrous Nightmare, and they ain't nothing to shake a stick at. He's not strong, he can barely fight unless he's got Toothless around or that dumb flame swordâ€" "

"Is there a point to all of this?" Ruffnut asks, rolling her eyes while she examines her nails. "Or are you just gonna rattle on all night and kill everyone's fun?"

"Yeah," Snotlout says, "My point is, I could kick Hiccup's ass from here to Helheim's Gate and back. You girls act like Hiccup's such a catch; what's he got that I don't have?"

"A Night Fury?"

"A claim to the chiefdom?"

"A girlfriend?"

"OH!" Their friends laugh and cheer while Hiccup smirks in his direction, looking irritatingly smug.

"Now, now, he's got a point," Astrid says, and Snotlout blinks at her in surprise.

"What?"

"Yeah," Astrid says, nodding sagely, "Snotlout has lots of things that Hiccup doesn't."

Snotlout is taken aback, both at Astrid's sudden kindness and the confusion on Hiccup's face. "Thank you, Astrid."

She grins something wicked. "Like his virginity."

"OOOOH!" Snotlout's blood boils as the group breaks into riotous laughter while Hiccup turns red and buries his face in Astrid's hair, smiling. Snotlout doesn't know why he bothers being embarrassed; it wasn't as if they hadn't all known for months what he and Astrid got up to when they were alone. Snotlout had always figured Hiccup would die a lonely virgin, or else Stoick would have to arrange a marriage with some neighboring tribe and have some poor chick shipped over just to keep the Haddock line going. One way or another, he'd always been sure that he'd score with a girl before Hiccup would, and yet that scrawny excuse for a Viking had not only bedded a girl before he had, but he'd bedded Astrid Hofferson, the most beautiful and desirable girl in Berk. Not that that was particularly surprising given how long they had been together, but Snotlout is still a bit surprised that Astrid hadn't gotten bored of Hiccup after the first few months and moved on to a real man. Like himself. But no. The years went by and the relationship between them had only grown, until the day a few months back when Ruffnut had barreled into the academy one morning and practically screamed that she'd caught them in the back of the forge with Astrid's hands down Hiccup's trousers.

"So?" Snotlout growls once they've all stopped laughing. "Hiccup's gonna be chief someday, and whoever marries him will be the second most powerful person on Berk. I'm supposed to be impressed by his virility just because Astrid wised up to the situation and decided to whore her way to the top of the social ladder?"

There's a brief moment where shocked silence falls over the group, and he glimpses Hiccup's glare before Astrid has vaulted over the table and Snotlout finds himself on the floor with a knife pressed to his throat. "Let me make a few things abundantly clear," Astrid hisses, her knee digging into his stomach and the wrath of the gods in her eyes. "First of all, I'm sleeping with Hiccup because I happen to be in love with him and because he's a damn good lay, and I'd still be with him even if he wasn't going to be chief." Snotlout gulps and Astrid presses the blunt side of her knife a little bit harder into his neck. "Second, everyone knows that after Hiccup I'm the best rider on Berk and the best fighter this tribe has. I don't have to use my sexuality to get respect or power around here. And finally," the blade presses so close it draws a tiny sliver of blood and Snotlout nearly stops breathing, "Before I'm Hiccup's girlfriend, or the future wife of the future chief of Berk, I'm my own damn person, and if you ever_dare_ judge me or define me based on whose bed I spend my nights in again, I'll chop off your comically undersized prick and feed it to Hookfang. Do I make myself clear?" She lifts the pressure of the knife just enough for Snotlout to squeak out a yes. She gets up and tosses the knife back onto the table. "Good." Snotlout glances around at the shocked expressions of the group as Astrid stalks around the other side of the table and grabs Hiccup's limp arm. "Now if you'll excuse me," she says, pulling Hiccup up from the table, who has a panicked look in his eyes as he realizes that Astrid is going to need to work off her anger in some way with someone, and that someone is likely going to be him, "I have

some whoring my way up the social ladder to do." Astrid doesn't spare them all another glance as she drags her unfortunate lover out of the room.

"Betcha ten gold coins that Hiccup's walking crooked tomorrow."

Ruffnut scoffs. "I bet twenty coins that he won't be able to walk at all."

"You're on, sis." The twins bump fists. "Toothless'll come to his rescue before Astrid can get that rough with him."

"You should probably clarify the terms of the bet a little," Fishlegs pipes up, and the twins frown at him.

"Meaning?" Tuffnut asks.

Fishlegs shrugs. "Well without his metal leg Hiccup can't walk at all, so Ruffnut could steal his leg overnight and then win the bet tomorrow, so you should probably clarify that it only counts if he can't walk tomorrow because of Astrid."

Snotlout gapes at them all from the floor. "Uh, EXCUSE ME?" They all look down at him. "Does no one care that Astrid almost killed me?!"

Ruffnut shrugs. "Uh, no. Not really."

Tuffnut rolls his eyes. "Dude, you called Astrid a whore, what did you think was gonna happen?"

Snotlout decides on one more mug of mead.

x

The fourth time she climbs on his lap, he pushes her off.

"Astrid, Astrid, babe, I love you, but you gotta let me rest." Astrid huffs a sigh and plops down beside him, her blood still boiling. She nuzzles close to his shoulder and drops a kiss to the sweat-slick skin there. Hiccup's chest is still heaving from the exertion of the previous round; his eyes are closed and he has an arm thrown over his forehead.

"You don't wanna go again?" she asks in the sweetest voice she can. This elicits half a laugh from Hiccup.

"It's not a matter of wanting to, Astrid. I just don't think it's physically possible." Astrid idly traces the black wings and tribal symbols inked on his chest as he catches his breath. She smiles as her finger grazes the black letters spelling out her name, right over his heart. Finally Hiccup rolls over and wraps his arms around her, pulling her closer and pressing a kiss to her forehead. "All this because Snotface is being an idiot again? What happened to everything you told me earlier about just ignoring him?" he teases her softly, and she gently punches his chest.

"I'm the toughest person on this island and I've spent half my life trying to make sure everyone knows it."

"Everyone does know it," Hiccup says, combing her damp bangs back from her face.

Astrid rolls her eyes. "Everyone except Snotlout."

Hiccup shakes his head and kisses her briefly. "No, Snotlout does know it. He's just an idiot, and today he was exceptionally idiotic, and tonight he was exceptionally idiotic and exceptionally drunk. He's been mad at me all day for some reason and was taking it out on you. Everyone knows how strong you are. Everyone knows you're one of the finest riders on Berk." His hand lights on her hip and pulls her flush against him as his lips migrate to her ear and he whispers, "No matter what you're riding." Her heart beats a little faster as he pushes her onto her back and begins kissing down her neck.

"I thought you said you couldn't go again," she sighs, smiling as his weight settles against her. "You said it was physically impossible," she breathes as his knee nudges her legs apart.

"Well, you know me," he growls against the underside of her jaw, and her breath hitches as he presses into her. "I'm known for doing the impossible."

x

Hiccup's still standing the next morning, but he's leaning on a crutch, claiming his bad leg is bothering him, and it's Astrid they see on Toothless's back for every flight that day.

In the end, Ruffnut and Tuffnut settle on calling it a draw, and Snotlout scowls and readjusts the block of ice against his temple.

XXX

A/N: I'm in love with the idea of Hiccup having a tattoo. Yum.

The main reason I decided to combine the two stories I originally had (Drunklout vs. pissed off Astrid and Snotlout calling Hiccup's leg cheating) was because I thought having both stories was a little too much Jerklout, whereas putting them together made for one cohesive story about Snotlout's residual issues with Hiccup.

2. Grief

A/N: My power is out, so while I wait for the electricity to come back on HERE HAVE SOME EMOTIONAL TRAUMA :D

* * *

><p>He knows something is wrong as soon as he steps through the door.</p>

In years past he would have missed it, but they've gotten better over the years at communicating, and Stoick has gotten much better at looking at his son and really _seeing _him. And what he sees tonight worries him. Hiccup is often quiet. He gets in pensive moods where outwardly he is silent and still but inside the gears of his mind are

whirling, and a restless tapping of his foot or his fingers are the only sign. This is not one of those moods. His eyes are absent the intensity that usually fills them when he's thinking of inventions, and he seems hardly to have noticed that the fire has nearly died out.

He sits with his shoulders slumped and face blank with one hand absently stroking Toothless's head. The dragon lifts his eyes when Stoick enters and gives him a pleading look. Whatever is plaguing the boy is something not even his best friend can fix. With a nod from Stoick Toothless nudges at Hiccup's face before turning and relighting the fire.

"Son?" Stoick asks, creeping closer, but Hiccup doesn't reply. "Hiccup?" There's still no answer, and Stoick crouches down beside his son and places a large hand on his shoulder. Hiccup starts and blinks rapidly at him, having seemingly just realized he was there.

"Dad?" he says in a raspy voice, and Stoick notices for the first time that his eyes are red.

"Are you alright, son?" he asks, not really sure how to handle the situation. He hasn't seen Hiccup cry about anything in years. "Is something wrong?"

Hiccup shakes his head and looks away. "Nah, no, it's nothing," he says in a shaky voice as he runs a hand over his face and sniffs. "Just aaah, rough day." He swallows and clears his throat, determinedly looking anywhere but his father's face. The boy has always been terrible at lying.

"Hiccup, tell me what's wrong," Stoick says, his voice gentle but firm. Hiccup shakes his head and his brow furrows before he drops his face into his hands. "Hiccup."

"No," he answers, and his voice is shaking more now. "No, because you're just gonna yell at me and lecture me and I really can't deal with that right now."

There's a sad sort of warble from Toothless, who nudges at Hiccup's arm in encouragement. Stoick places both hands on his son's shoulders and gives him a gentle shake. "Hiccup, son, what's happened? I need you to tell me." His mind is racing. Is someone hurt? Has something happened to one of the dragons? Had he run into trouble while exploring? What could possibly have happened to make Hiccup cry? Hiccup, the boy who had developed thick skin to shrug off the other children's jibes, who had learned at an early age to keep his tears to himself lest he show any more weakness than necessaryâ€¦there'd been occasional tears of pain in the months after he'd lost his leg, but other than that, Stoick can't recall having seen the boy cry since he was a child.

Hiccup raises his head slightly and Stoick can see tears welling in his eyes and slipping down his cheeks. "Um," he begins, still not looking him in the eyes, "You have to promise not to yell at me, at least not right now. I mean, next week, or even tomorrow, or whatever, you can yell at me all you want, because I probably deserve it, but right now, I just can't deal with it, I just can't." He takes a shuddering breath. "I mean I know I screwed up, and, and, so maybe

this is all for the best in the end, but it still hurts and _gods_ I was scared, yeah, but I didn't want _this_ and-

"Hiccup." Stoick runs a hand through his son's hair and forces him to look at him. "Just tell me what's wrong."

His lip quivers and he drops his face into his hands again. There's a brief sob and then, "Astrid."

Stoick's stomach turns. He thinks of the brave, beautiful girl he hopes to call his daughter-in-law. "Astrid? Is she alright? Is she hurt?" Hiccup shakes his head.

"No, no, nothing like that," he croaks.

Stoick releases a breath he didn't realize he'd been holding. "Did you twoâ€|break up, orâ€|" he trails off as Hiccup shakes his head again.

"No, no, sheâ€|" There's another tremulous breath and Hiccup mutters something so quietly Stoick can't hear him. He thinks he catches the word 'lost'.

"What, son?"

Toothless coos in an attempt at comfort and Hiccup tries again. Stoick leans in close, and the words are whispered so softly he can't make out but the last one: "â€|baby."

Everything slides into place.

All those times the past couple of weeks that Hiccup had nervously approached him, saying they needed to talk, only to hesitate and bring up something inconsequential. It had been obvious _something_ was going on, but Stoick had trusted Hiccup would muster the courage to bring up the truth in his own time. And Astrid. No wonder she'd jump and scurry away whenever Stoick greeted her lately. She'd dropped out of the last two dragon races as well, come to think of it. Said she thought Stormfly was ill, but it hadn't been Stormfly at all. She'd beenâ€| Gods, he hadn't even realized they hadâ€"they aren't children anymore, obviously, but he hadn't known that they were, that they'd beenâ€"all that sneaking off, how hadn't he realized-

Hiccup lifts his face out of his hands to glance at him, his face a mixture of grief and shame that there was anything to grieve. He looks away quickly. Stoick wraps his arms around him and pulls him close.

"I'm not angry," he says gruffly. How could he ever find it in his heart to be? He thinks of Val, of all the babes they'd lost before they'd ever lived, so many that they'd barely dared to hope Hiccup would live through the night. He'd never dreamed Hiccup and Astrid would have to know that sort of loss.

"I was gonna tell you," Hiccup says into his shoulder.

"I know, son."

After a few quiet moments Stoick draws back.

"Where's Astrid?"

"Her house."

"Is anyone with her?"

Hiccup shakes his head. "Her dad left on the fishing boat this morning. They were short handed so her mom went with him."

"Did they know?" Hiccup shakes his head again.

"I still hadn't told you, and it wasn't until after they left that sheâ€|" he trails off.

"Go to her." Hiccup looks up. Stoick runs a hand through his son's hair. "You had a brother and a sister we lost before you were born, and more besides that were lost so early on your mother scarcely knew she'd been carrying them. I know how much you're hurting. And I know this isn't something either of you should be dealing with alone. So go to her."

Hiccup frowns. "You know how it would look if I went to her house this late at night with her parents not there."

"Then bring her here. She shouldn't be alone right now. You shouldn't have left her alone. We'll worry about what people might say in the morning." Hiccup nods. Stoick gives him a small smile he knows the boy won't return. He rises silently, Toothless at his side, and exits into the still night. Stoick sinks back into a chair and sighs deeply.

"You'll take care of it, won't you Val? Their babe?" He closes his eyes and a single tear runs down into his beard. "Just like you're taking care of all of oursâ€|"

3. Familiar

A/N: SORRY SORRY SORRY I DIDN'T MEAN TO LEAVE THIS UNUPDATED FOR SO LONG. And I'm updating with this really short thing I'M SORRY

On the upside I'm going to write Hiccstrid first time smut to make up for it and hopefully post that soon so

Takes place during Valka and Hiccup's hug during httyd2

* * *

><p>Familiar_

It feels right.

More right than anything he's ever felt.

More natural and normal than the wind on his face or a hammer in his hand and the forge heat at his back or even the brush of Astrid's lips across his.

And he can't believe he's gone nearly his whole life without feeling

it.

His mother's embrace is entirely new to him, and yet it feels like the most natural thing he's ever felt. She's warm and soft and her hands on his back and in his hair are firm and gentle at the same time. She smells nice, too; kind of earthy and warm but sweet.

Is he allowed to hug her back? Can he do that? Are they at that point? He still can't believe this whole day is happening, and he's half afraid that if he holds her too tight she'll disappear, and he'll be motherless again. But if that's really going to happen it just feels like more reason to hold her while she's here; while she's happy to see him and acting like the mother he never had.

He raises his arms and wraps them tight around her back and buries his head against her neck. She holds him a little tighter and he breathes her in.

It's strange; he wasn't old enough when she left to remember her, and it's not remembering, exactly, but there is something so familiar about this. Like muscle memory, some part of him recognizes her touch and responds to it. He feels safe, he feels wanted, he feels loved and cherished and protected. He feels like he could fall asleep, right then, and she would hold him safe and close while he slept. He wonders how often she held him like this when he was a baby. How many times she pillowed his head on her shoulder and held him while he slept. She strokes his hair gently.

"Oh my baby," she coos in his ear, her voice thick. "My little babyâ€|" And oddly that's what he feels like just now. He feels like a child, safe and loved in his mother's arms. He squeezes her tighter, never ever wanting to let go.

"â€|Mom."

Xx

A/N: Little thing inspired by seeing a gifset of Valka and Hiccup's hug in the movie and being overcome with mommy/son feels. Also, I'm very close to my own mother, and even though I'm 23, sometimes she'll hug me close and I'll snuggle into her shoulder and close my eyes, and it feels so natural and right and for a moment it's almost like I'm a baby again; there's just this overwhelming familiar feeling of being held and kept safe and loved and I just wanted to capture that feeling.

4. Warmth

A/N: *pokes head in*

Did someone order some hiccstrid first-time smut?

you're welcome

* * *

><p>Warmth

They'd found the little island by chance years ago, when they'd first

started exploring beyond the known areas around Berk, and at some point over the years it had simply become their spot.

It's tiny island by all accounts. Thickly forested around a smallish mountain with a hot spring at its base. The lava that heats the springs flows sluggishly through the whole mountain, heating the stone and the waterfall that falls from high on the mountain down to the hot springs. It's a heavenly place for a bath, and they'd started coming here for wash day ever since the time Astrid randomly stripped down to her leggings and breast bindings in front of him and dived in without a hint of shame.

They'd been sixteen, and Hiccup had been unable to do anything but stare for the better part of ten minutes. Eventually he'd shucked his shirt and metal leg and jumped in after her. Since then the amount of clothing Astrid wore in his presence at their little spring had dwindled down to nearly nothing. She still made him turn around when she finally shed all her clothes to bathe, but she had let him see (and touch) a good deal of skin up until then.

Their absence was never noticed on Berk. The morning bathers assumed they were part of the afternoon crowd, and the afternoon bathers assumed they'd bathed in the morning. As long as they returned by nightfall freshly cleaned no one noticed a thing.

Hiccup is reclining on one of the warm rocks in just his underwear, watching lazily as Astrid washes her hair under one of the gentler cascades of the waterfall. She's removed her breast bindings but her back is turned to him. She's let him touch her bare breasts before but not see them. He's been allowed to touch a lot of things without getting to see them, but he can't complain. They've been moving towards something, and it's unspoken between them that they are fast approaching whatever it is. He's just not entirely sure the extent to what they are approaching goes. He's in no rush, really. He's ready for wherever they end up, but he's perfectly willing to be patient. Astrid's comfort is by far more important to him than his own desire.

That said, she's always been the one to push things forwards in their relationship, and he can't help but think, if he's already feeling ready for that, then how ready is she?

His thoughts come to an abrupt halt when Astrid stretches her arms above her head, and her torso turns just slightly; just enough that the subtle curve of one breast comes into view for a brief moment. Her arms fall and the view is obstructed.

Hiccup glances behind him. Toothless and Stormfly are still happily occupied chasing each other among the trees. He looks back at the goddess bathing a short distance away from him. He catches Astrid glancing over her shoulder at him before she turns back to the waterfall. She runs a hand through her wet hair, and then her hands are at her hips. She grips the wet fabric of her underwear and begins sliding it down her legs.

Hiccup's mouth goes dry.

He watches the water flow over her shoulders, dripping down her hair and over that immaculate ass.

He's always liked her bottom immensely. He likes it even better now.

He's also fairly sure he's dreaming. Or dead. That's an incredibly likely possibility given how much trouble he tends to get into. He's been testing his flight suit from greater heights now; Astrid has taken to calling it his "falling-to-your-death suit". These things just don't happen to him. It's been four years and he's still kind of amazed that Astrid hasn't realized she's dating him and gone running for the hills. Honestly, how the hel he's gotten to see and touch as much of her as he has so far is basically a miracle, because reallyâ€"

Astrid turns around to face him and Hiccup completely forgets how words work.

Her wet bangs are sticking to her forehead and her hair is partially draped over one shoulder. His eyes roam from the coy smile on her face, down to her perfect, round breasts and pink nipples. Down down his eyes go, past the lean toned muscles of her tiny waist to her hips and the patch of golden curls at the apex of her thighs. His gaze lingers there for a long time before continuing down the glorious long lines of her legs and back up, back past parts of her body he has never been allowed to see before, up to her face, which is wearing an expression he knows all too well. It's the face that says she's pleased by the way he's looking at her; the face that dares him to look, dares him to touch. It's the face that says she wants him. Her smirk grows just a bit more before she turns and sashays around the edge of the waterfall, and she casts just one last little glance over her shoulder at him before she disappears behind it, into the little cavern beyond. They've spent a lot of time in that warm little cave. A lot of time with nothing but a couple of thin layers of wet fabric between them as they grind desperately against each other.

Despite the difficulty Hiccup is having forming complete thoughts, he is fully aware of what is happening. This is her invitation; her way of telling him what she wants, and giving him a choice. He can follow her, or he can stay out here and wait for her to reappear.

It takes him all of half a second to decide to follow.

He stalls just outside the entrance to the little cave; behind the waterfall, but not quite to where the rock opens up to the cavern itself, still out of sight to Astrid. He's still wearing his underwear and he wonders if he should take them off. Would that be too forward? Walking in naked? Especially given that he's already hard. Would that be weird? Maybe Astrid wants to take his underwear off herself? He has a brief vision of Astrid pulling the damp fabric down his legs, that wicked smirk on her face, and decides that yes, yes, he's definitely going with that. He takes a deep breath and rounds the corner.

The sight he arrives to steals the breath from his lungs.

Astrid is reclining on a fur blanket spread out in the center of the cave floor, far enough back to keep it from getting wet. He has no idea how she actually managed to get it in here, really, but he's not complaining because this means she planned this. And if Astrid has gone to these sorts of lengths, then she is definitely telling him

she's ready.

He must have stood there for a moment too long, because Astrid raises a finger and crooks it at him. Hiccup manages an awed smile and takes a few steps forwards.

"You," he says, voice low and thick, "are absolutely ravishing."

Astrid grins and rises to her feet. She walks slowly to him, hips swinging. She's still smiling softly when she wraps her arms around his neck and presses herself against him, and he sucks in a breath when he feels her bare chest against his. His hands come up to settle on her waist automatically. Astrid leans close to his face, her lips so close to his he can feel her warm breath. She smiles at him. "Then ravish me."

His hands tighten on her waist and his lips surge forwards to cover hers. There's a soft little moan in the back of her throat when he slips his tongue into her mouth and runs it along hers. His hands move to wrap around her back and pull her closer to him. She's warm and soft and willing under his hands and he wants to touch all of her. His hands run down her back, over the swell of her bottom and flirting briefly with the inside of her thigh. She breaks from the kiss to gasp, her head falling back a bit, and Hiccup latches onto the pale column of her throat. One hand kneads her ass while the other moves up the side of her waist, over her ribcage and up to palm her breast. His thumb swipes over her nipple and her grip tightens on his shoulders.

"Hiccup," she whispers, and his lips move southward. He presses kisses and nips down her neck and over her collarbone, his tongue darting out to lick between them before moving down. He replaces the hand on her breast with his mouth, lips closing over a nipple, and Astrid makes the most delicious little moan when his tongue swirls over the sensitive pink bud. She has one hand tangled in his hair, and her grip alternates between weak and shaking and so tight it almost hurts. He pays some attention to the other breast before he continues kissing down her stomach. He sinks to his knees, and presses a kiss to the hollow of her hipbone before looking up at her, a question in his eyes. She nods, looking breathless, and Hiccup turns his attention to that patch of gold curls. He reaches a hand around to the back of her thigh, and Astrid obliges him, widening her stance and letting him slip her leg over his shoulder. The hand in his hair pulls so tight it hurts but he doesn't care, because the noise she makes when he lays a kiss on the corner of her inner thigh, so close but not quite to where she wants him, sends a jolt of heat straight to his groin.

He's touched her before; fingers slipped under her skirt and into her leggings, his thumb working against that sensitive nub while his fingers dip in and out of tight heat, but he's never been allowed to do this. He kisses her once before he runs his tongue experimentally between her folds, and her strangled moan may just be the most beautiful thing he's ever heard, so he does it again. He licks at her, daring deeper this time, and Astrid grabs the back of his head and rocks her hips forward. His hand tightens on the back of her thigh and he pushes closer, lapping at her eagerly while her moans pitch higher and higher, her hips rocking urgently into the invasion of his tongue, until she cries out his name and slumps against

him.

He kisses the inside of her thigh again before slipping her leg off his shoulder and standing. His arms rise to circle her waist and support her, as she looks like she might fall over at any moment. She smiles at him, looking a little dazed and he can't help the grin that comes to his face. Her smile turns shy and she looks down, her finger tracing little circles on his chest as her breathing returns to normal.

Hiccup swallows. "Astrid, you know, we can stop if you want."

Her head snaps up and she looks at him like he's crazy. "After that?" She shakes her head. "There's no way I wanna stop. Why, do you wanna stop?"

"Well, no, but if you—"

"Then shut up." Her hand hooks behind his neck and drags his mouth down to hers. She kisses him urgently, forcefully, and when she moans he wonders if she can still taste herself on his tongue. Her other hand slides to his hip and she pulls him backwards, and Hiccup stumbles after her, metal leg sliding on the wet cave floor. He nearly falls on her when she pulls him down onto the fur blanket with her. Her hands won't stay still. They thread through his hair, roam over the expanse of his shoulders and down his back. She makes a little annoyed growl with they meet the fabric still covering his hips and she breaks away.

He has no chance to feel shy or apprehensive as she yanks his underwear over his hips and down his legs. All he can think about is relief from the painful restriction of the wet fabric and having her skin against his. He kicks the fabric away and stares at Astrid as her eyes flicker downwards. The corner of her mouth quirks upwards and then her eyes meet his, slightly narrowed and bewitchingly bright. She seems pleased by what she sees and that's good enough for him.

He kisses her, and follows when she starts to recline until her back is flat against the furs and he's hovering over her. He gives her one last almost chaste kiss before pulling back to look at her. Her wet hair is a messy tumble over her shoulders, frizzing where it's starting to dry. She looks at him out of hooded eyes and she's breathing hard.

He's never seen anything so resplendent.

"You're beautiful," he tells her, and watches her face light up. The hand on his back curls a little tighter, pulling him closer. He wraps one arm around her back and brings his other hand up to smooth over her hair.

"I love you," she says in a small voice, her arms tightening around him. "I neverâ€œ|I never would have thought that I would love you this much."

His hand cradles her face and he slides his thumb over her cheekbone. "I love you too," he says, though the words feel woefully inadequate. They aren't big enough; they can't even begin to encapsulate what he feels for her. He spent years pining after a girl he admired but

barely knew; but now he knows her, really _knows _her, and now he adores her with everything he is.

Hiccup supports himself on his elbows as he lowers his weight on to her, her legs rising to wrap around his waist. He reaches down and slides a finger through her wetness before positioning himself at her entrance. He meets her eyes, one last chance for her to back out, but she just nods.

He pushes into her slowly, his mouth falling open and a shuddering breath leaving him as that exquisite heat envelopes him inch by inch. Astrid throws her head back and gasps, her grip on his shoulder turning bruising.

It takes him a moment to find the words but he finally manages to speak. "Are you okay?" he asks, and she nods just slightly, her breath coming in sharp gasps. "Am I hurting you?" She shakes her head.

"No," she breathes, "No, I'm, m'fine." She swallows. "I just need a second. It's an intense feeling to get used to." Hiccup holds himself there, his body tense from resisting the driving need for friction. Astrid's chest is still heaving when she tilts her head forward and rests her forehead against his. She meets his eyes and gives him a little smile as she nods.

He smoothes his hands along her back before drawing back and thrusting slowly into her. Astrid's eyes close and her head falls back again, the most beautiful little whimper slipping past her lips. He watches her as he rocks his hips gently into hers, ever wary of hurting her, but by the tilt of her lips she seems to be fine and he quickens his pace, just slightly.

She's right, it's an intense feeling, and it's different than what he expected. It's more, moreâ€|well, just _more_. And that's what she asks for, her legs shifting higher on his waist and her soft plea murmured into the side of his neck. He obliges her; spears deeper and their moans echo against the stone walls.

Astrid bucks into his next thrust and her name falls past his lips. She's magnificent, she's amazing; she's warm and tight and _yielding_ beneath him, her little gasps and whines the sweetest sounds he's ever heard. It takes him a second to realize he's telling her all this; a nonsensical litany of praise pouring from his lips as he drives into the sweltering heat of her.

"Oh gods, oh gods, Hiccup," she whimpers, and her legs tremble with his every thrust, "Harder, please, _Hiccup_." His hand grabs her hip and she cries out when he sheathes himself completely. "There," she moans, bucking hard against him, and he can feel her growing tighter and tighter around him as he hits some spot deep inside of her. Her nails drag lines down his back that he's too far gone to find painful as they rock desperately into each other.

The tension in Hiccup's stomach is coiling, higher and higher, and he knows he's nearing the breaking point. His hand dives between them, blindly seeking that sensitive pearlâ€"

She breaks open beneath him, a strangled scream tearing from her throat as her eyes squeeze shut and her head falls back, and the

sight of her, wholly possessed by ecstasy, combined with the way she's convulsing around him sends him recklessly towards the edge and his own orgasm slams into him without warning. He shouts her name as his spine is wracked by wave after wave and he's overcome by rapture.

He collapses against her, completely spent.

When he comes to she's stroking his hair. Hiccup raises his head from the crook of her neck to look at her. Astrid gives him a lazy, pleased smile and he gives her a dazed grin in return. They don't seem to need words in that moment, which is good, because he's not sure he has any. He moves to lift himself off her but her arms tighten.

"No," she whispers, "Not yet. Just, just stay like this for a minute." He nods weakly and wraps his arms around her back, burying his face against her shoulder. He holds her like that, pressing tender kisses against her skin while he softens inside her.

Oh.

Hiccup lifts his head and Astrid gives him a quizzical look as he frowns down at her. "Uh, Astrid?"

"Mm?" She pushes herself up onto her elbows as he pulls out and lifts himself off her. Her toes tease against the side of his leg as he hovers over her.

"Uh, should I not haveâ€œI mean I didn't even think, but, well I'm pretty sure your dad would chop my other leg off if I got you pregnant."

Astrid giggles. "You're fine," she tells him. "I know how to watch my cycle and my mom started making me drink moon tea two years ago after that time I came home with a hickey."

"Still," he says as she kisses the corner of his mouth, "Can't be too careful."

Astrid hums and kisses his cheek. "Well, we'll worry about it next time."

Hiccup quirks a brow. "Next time?"

She giggles again, grinning at him. "What, did you think there wasn't gonna be a next time?"

Hiccup smirks and shrugs. "Well, I had dared to hope."

Astrid's smile warms him and he leans in to kiss her briefly. Her lashes flutter as she opens her eyes and she regards him warmly for a moment before her gaze slides over his shoulder. She sniggers, then bursts into hysterical laughter, falling back against the fur pelt.

Hiccup's head whips around, and sitting in the mouth of the cave he sees Toothless, head cocked to the side and looking utterly perplexed.

* * *

><p>AN: Oh Toothless. Human mating is so strange, isn't it?

Funfact: I couldn't think of a title while I was writing this, so this document is saved on my computer as "astrid pulls an ygritte basically"

5. First Date

A/N: Got inspired by a random otp prompt on tumblr: "Imagine your OTP on a first date and Person A walks Person B home but when they get to the door, neither of them really know what to do. They have an awkward goodbye and Person A starts to leave but they sneak a glance and see that Person B is looking back. What do they do?"

So just a little drabbly thing, sometime after HTTYD1

* * *

><p>First Date

Maybe he shouldn't have looked back. Maybe he should have just gone home, because then he could have ended the night thinking that it had gone really well and everything was just fine and that now that they'd been on an actual date Astrid hadn't decided that he was actually a total dork and that she wanted nothing to do with him.

But no, he looked back, and she's still looking at him, and she looks pissed. Hiccup turns around and gulps.

"A-Astrid?" Her eyes narrow. Hiccup takes a tentative step forward. "Is everything okay?"

Astrid crosses her arms over her chest and heaves a dramatic sigh, her gorgeous blue eyes rolling. "Hiccup," she drones. "You can actually kiss me, you know."

He can't help the grin that works its way onto his face as his heart soars, and he's just taken a step forwards when Astrid's front door opens and her father steps out.

"No, he bloody well can't!" Axl Hofferson shouts, glaring as he grabs his daughter's shoulder and pulls her inside. Hiccup's smile falls and he sighs. Of course. For a second there he had forgotten how much the gods hate him.

He turns around and starts walking across the village square, all the good feelings from the lovely date they'd had melting away.

"Astrid Hofferson, you get back here!" Hiccup turns around in time to see Astrid hurtling towards him, her father still shouting at her from the open front door.

"Astr-" She grabs the front of his tunic and hauls him in for a kiss that doesn't last nearly as long as he wishes it did. She grins at him when she pulls away. She winks at him before turning on her heel

and sprinting back to her house, where her father stands looking at him like he's contemplating the best way to separate Hiccup's head from his body. The smile Astrid gives her father as she passes him in the doorway is positively cheeky.

"Night, Daddy!" she chirps, ignoring her father's glare. Hiccup ignores it too, until that glare is focused back on him and accompanied by an impressive snarl.

Hiccup spins around and runs the whole way home, where his father comments on the dopey smile still stuck on his face.

6. Cruel Intentions

A/N: I have requests to do and tomorrow's chapter of Persephone to write but instead I wrote this. It's not my best but I thought it was funny so here have this thing.

Talk of sexy things ahoy.

* * *

><p>Cruel Intentions_

"Tuff, for the last time, I'm not telling you anything!"

Tuffnut flopped dramatically down on the table. "Oh come oooonnnn!" He groaned. "Hiccup, dude, you're the only one of us getting any! You gotta give us some details here, man! We live vicariously through you!" He gave Hiccup a winning smile. "Pleeeeaaase? Come on, at least tell us a few things?"

Hiccup rolled his eyes and shoved Tuffnut's head off the table. "No! For one thing, Astrid would kill me. For another, it's none of your business. What goes on between me and Astrid stays between me and Astrid."

Tuffnut groaned again while Snotlout rolled his eyes. "He's not gonna tell us anything. I'm telling you, we need to get him drunk first."

Hiccup scoffed. "Yeah, I'm still not going to tell you anything."

Tuffnut reached across the table again and grabbed one of Hiccup's hands. "Come on, man, I'm begging you, Viking to Viking, just tell us _something_, anything! Top or bottom? Loud or quiet? Cauldron or Gronkle?"

Hiccup frowned. "What does that have to do with anything?" He shook his head and pulled his hand away. "Never mind, I don't want to know. I'm not telling you anyway."

"Brooooo," Tuffnut moaned. "Gods, you're being so selfish!"

Hiccup laughed. "I'm being selfish because I refuse to betray my girlfriend's privacy by telling you what she's like in bed? Yeah, okay."

Snotlout poured another mug of mead and pushed it towards Hiccup. "That's very honorable of you, Hiccup. I think that deserves some of the finest honeyed mead Berk has to offer."

He received a raised eyebrow in reply. "Don't think I don't know what you're doing," Hiccup said as he picked up the mug. "And it's not going to work. You can get me drunk off my ass, I'm still not telling you a thing about Astrid."

Xx

"No, no, nononono, no, tha's, tha's not what 'm sayin', " Hiccup slurred to his rapt audience, who had turned into fuzzy yellow and black shapes a few drinks back. "Tha's like, the opposite, of what I'm saying. No, Astrid hates bein' dominated. Wellâ€|inna fewâ€|select circumshstanceses she likes'it. But. No. S'not the being controlled, it's'a takin' back control tha' she likes." Hiccup nodded and downed more wine. His friends were being so nice to him, bringing him all this alcohol. Even offering to do his morning chores tomorrow so he could sleep it off. Such nice friends. Such wonderful friends. "I love you guysh," Hiccup declared, grinning. "You guys are greeeeeaaat."

Tuffnut returned his grin. "And we love you too buddy, now what were you saying about Astrid? Something about positions? Come on, is she a top or bottom kind of girl? I always thought Astrid seemed like a top."

Hiccup frowned. "Well we don' do it t'same way every time." He giggled. "That'd just get boring. Tuff, your hair is hilarious."

Snotlout leaned forward. "Oh, we're getting into the good stuff now. So how do you do it, Hiccup, come on, you've started, don't dry up on us now, man. Missionary? Against the wall? Dragon style?"

"Dragon style?" Hiccup frowned and hiccupped. "What the hel ish dragon style?"

Snotlout elbowed his cousin, then grabbed his arm to keep him from falling over. "You know, cuz, how the dragons do it?"

Hiccup considered him for a long moment. "Oooooh. You mean likeâ€|oh. No. Well, I mean, I've taken'er from behind before, but not really like that I guess." His eyes drooped. "I should try that."

Tuffnut grabbed his shoulders. "No, Hiccup, come on, stay with us, I have questions! The leg, do you use the leg?"

Hiccup stared at him, his brow furrowed. "What do you mean do'a'use s'leg?"

"When you do her, do you screw her with the leg on?"

Hiccup's lip curled. "What d'you mean, like do I screw her with the leg? Ew, no, Tuff."

Tuffnut shook his head. "No, no, I mean do you wear the leg when you're screwing her. Keep with the program, Haddock."

"Oooooh," Hiccup laughed. "That makes s'more sense. Yeah. Sometimes."

"Really? Why?" Hiccup glanced at Snotlout.

"Leverish."

"What?"

"Levrish!" Hiccup said louder.

"I still don't know what he's saying."

"Leverage," Tuffnut clarified, and Hiccup pointed at him and nodded.

"Yesh. Leverish." His head lolled to the side.

"Hey, no, no, no, Hiccup, Hiccup, stay with me!" Hiccup's eyes opened wide and looked blearily at Tuffnut for a moment before his eyes slid shut again. Tuffnut shook him. "No! Come on, man! I need answers! Scauldron or Gronkle, Scauldron or Gronkle?!"

Hiccup blinked his eyes opened. "What doesh zat even _mean_?"

"Spit or swallow, bro, spit or swallow!"

"Oh!" Hiccup nodded, his eyes closing again. "Okay. Cause. Scauldronsh spit seawa'r. And Gronlesâ€|swallow rocks." It took a moment of shaking from Tuffnut before Hiccup groaned and opened his eyes again. "Whaaaa?"

"So?" Tuff begged, eyes wild. "Which one is Astrid?"

"Wish what?"

"Scauldron or Gronkle?!"

"Neither," Hiccup mumbled, his head falling onto his shoulder. "Can I go 'a shleep now?"

Snotlout moved closer. "What do you mean neither? Astrid not into that?"

Hiccup hummed, lips pulled down. "Nah, she ish. She jusâ€|doesn lemmeâ€|y'know. Nah in'er, umâ€|" He gestured towards his mouth. "She'd rather jusâ€|" he trailed off, lifting a loose fist into the air and shaking it twice before his limp arm fell to his side. He swayed and nearly fell backwards off the bench, sending Tuffnut and Snotlout lunging to catch him. They lowered him gently to the floor, thankful no one else was in the Meade Hall to see the state of inebriation they'd gotten the heir of Berk into. They leaned him back against the bench and Tuffnut tried shaking him awake, but received nothing more than a snore in response.

"Hiccup, come on, man, Hiccup! I didn't even get to ask if Astrid's into anything really kinky yet!" Snotlout laid a hand on his shoulder.

"He's gone, man. We've gotten all the information we're going to get."

Tuffnut sighed and slumped down next to Hiccup. "Yeah, I guess." He smirked. "Although, Snot, _dragon style?_"

"I think it has a nice ring to it!"

Xx

Astrid could tell something was wrong the moment she stepped into the hall.

Tuffnut and Snotlout burst into barely-concealed sniggers the second they saw her. Nothing good ever came out of those two looking so smug about something. Astrid put on her best smile and joined them at the table.

"Morning boys," she chirped before taking a long sip from her mug of water.

Snotlout snickered. "So you do swallow some things?"

Astrid frowned. "What?"

"Nothing!" Tuffnut elbowed him and they quickly stifled their laughter.

"Astrid!" She looked behind her just in time to see a breathless Ruffnut bursting into the hall. The other girl's wild eyes met hers and she rushed to her. "I've been looking all over for you." Ruffnut jerked Astrid out of her seat and dragged her away from the still-chuckling boys, over to a quiet corner.

Astrid pulled her arm from Ruffnut's grasp. "Ruff, what the hel?"

"I need to tell you something," Ruff panted. "Have you talked to Hiccup yet today?"

Astrid's brow furrowed. "No, he's out cold. Stoick said he was out late drinking with Snot and Tuff last night."

Ruffnut rolled her eyes. "Yeeeahh, that's about half true. More like Tuff and Snot got Hiccup really, really drunk last night, like, epic levels of intoxicated, so that they could pump him for information about you."

Astrid felt her stomach drop. "What kind of information about me?" she asked, although she had a terrible feeling she already knew the answer.

Ruffnut gave her a sheepish smile.

"Oh gods." Ruff grabbed her arm to steady her. Astrid ran a hand through her hair and glanced back at where Snotlout and Tuffnut were trying to pretend they weren't watching her. She took a deep, shuddering breath. "Okay, okay." She looked at Ruffnut. "How much did he tell them?"

Ruffnut grimaced. "Yeah, that's the thing. More like what didn't he

tell them."

"Oh gods." Astrid closed her eyes. She was going to kill them. All three of them. Snotlout, Tuffnut, and Hiccup.

Starting with Hiccup, seeing as he had just walked in.

Astrid watched his eyes go wide when he saw her and the murderous expression on her face. He seemed rooted to the spot as she stomped over to him, and even with his red eyes and dark circles and obvious hangover she couldn't find it in herself to feel sorry for him.

"Astrid, before you say anything—" Astrid had no intention of saying anything. Her fist reared back before punching him square in the stomach. Her boyfriend groaned and doubled over, clutching at his midsection. "Astrid," he wheezed, "Please. Just, let me—" She grabbed him by his collar and yanked him up until his eyes were level with hers.

"I hope you enjoyed spilling all our most intimate secrets to those two dolts," Astrid hissed. "Because you and I are never doing any of those things ever again." She dropped his collar and let him fall to his knees on the floor.

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"Dude, I think we just ended their relationship."

Snotlout waved a hand dismissively and took another bite of sausage. "Nah, Astrid gets pissed at Hiccup on a regular basis. They'll figure it out."

Tuffnut punched his shoulder. "Snot, she's coming towards us."

Snotlout looked up. Astrid had left behind a winded Hiccup and was now marching towards their table, fists clenched at her sides. "Yeah, we better start running."

They started to stand up, but a pressure on their shoulders pushed them back down. Both boys turned to see Ruffnut smiling at them.

"Going somewhere?" They tried to stand again but she pushed them back into their seats. Astrid was drawing closer and Snotlout gulped. Ruffnut wrapped her arms around their shoulders and grinned at her captives. "That's right, boys. Be afraid. Be very afraid. But don't worry, at least something good will come out of this." She cackled and swept a hand around the hall. "You'll be a lesson to nosy morons everywhere about what happens when you piss off the future wife of the future chief of Berk! Just wait until Hiccup takes the throne and Astrid has some real power."

"Who says I'm waiting until Hiccup takes the throne?" Astrid said, reaching the table and glaring at the boys pinned under Ruff's surprisingly strong grip. "So, boys." She smiled and cracked her knuckles. "Did Hiccup happen to mention how good I am with my hands?"

End
file.